

All deere natures children: sweete-
 Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete
 Blessing their sence.
 Not an angle of the aire,
 Bird melodious, or bird faire,
 Is absent hence.

Strew
 Flowers.

The Crow, the flaundrous Cuckoe, nor
 The boding Raven, nor Clough hee
 Nor chattring Pie,
 May on our Bridehouse pearch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring
 But from it fly.

Enter 3. *Queenes in Blacke, with vailles stained, with impe-
 riall Crownes.* The 1. *Queene fals downe at the foote of
 Theseus;* The 2. *fals downe at the foote of Hypolita.* The
 3. *before Emilia.*

1. *Qu.* For pitties sake and true gentilities,
 Heare, and respect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers sake,
 And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,
 Heare and respect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Love* hath marked
 The honour of your Bed, and for the sake
 Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
 For us, and our distresses: This good deede
 Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Trespases
 All you are set downe there.

Theseus. Sad Lady rise.

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

What woman I may steed that is distrest,
 Does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. *Queenes*, whose Soveraignes fel before
 The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
 The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Knights,

And

And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebs.
 He will not suffer us to burne their bones,
 To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
 Of morrall loathsomenes from the blest eye
 Of holy *Phabus*, but infects the windes
 With stench of our slaine Lords. O pittie Duke,
 Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword
 That does good turnes to'th world; give us the Bones
 Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;
 And of thy boundles goodnes take some note
 That for our crowned heades we have no rooffe,
 Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,
 And vault to every thing.

Thes. Pray you kneele not,
 I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
 Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes
 Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
 As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for'em;
 King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day
 That he should marry you, at such a season,
 As now it is with me, I met your Groome,
 By *Marfis* Altar, you were that time faire;
 Not *Junos* Mantle fairer then your Tresses,
 Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
 Was then nor threasht, nor blasted; Fortune at you
 Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles: *Hercules* our kinsman
 (Then weaker than your eies) laide by his Club,
 He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide
 And swore his sinews thawd: O greife, and time,
 Fearefull consumers, you will all devoure.

I, *Qu.* O I hope some God,
 Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
 Whereto heel infuse powre, and presse you forth
 Our undertaker.

Thes. O no knes, none Widdow,
 Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use them,
 And pray for me your Souldier.
 Troubled I am.

Quenes away.

2. *Qu.*

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